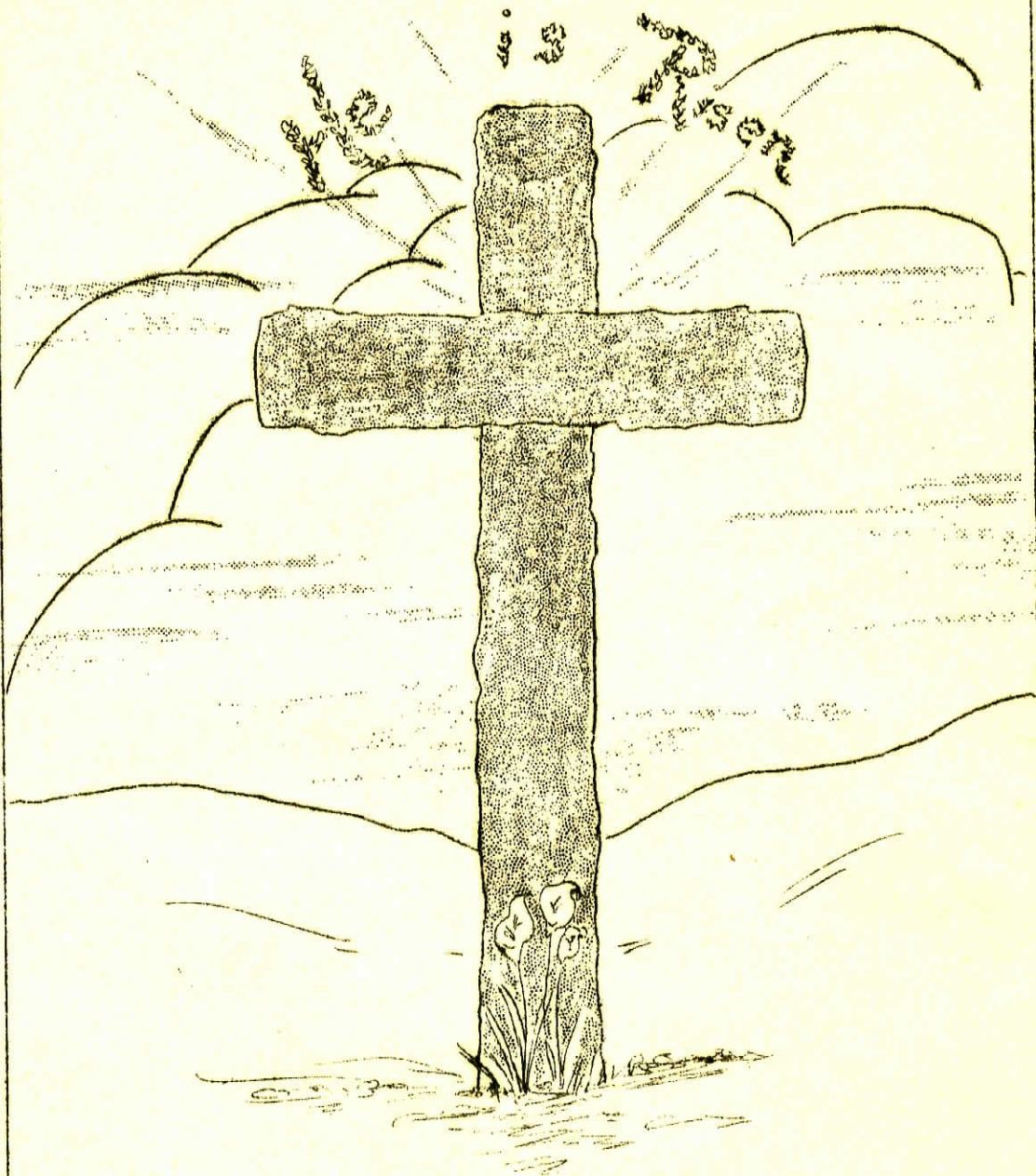


The Cross



Easter Greetings

April 20, 1943



## YOU CAN'T BEAT THE DUTCH!

One of Bryan's "unsung heroes" is Miss Dorothy Hess. Day after day we placidly eat our meals and go away, confident that when the next meal time comes, we will sit down to another appetizing repast. Little do we realize the untiring effort which goes into the preparation of each meal. Rationing has created new problems. It has challenged the ingenuity of our Boarding Department in finding ways to serve the available food in tempting ways. We have eaten new foods, prepared in different ways, and we all agree that the kitchen is doing a splendid job in feeding us well. We pay special tribute to Miss Hess for her perspicacity and resourcefulness in the purchase and preparation of our food. (Ed. note: I gained five pounds.) In spite of her heavy responsibilities, Miss Hess remains sweet and charming, reflecting the gentle nature of the Lord she serves.

--Eddie

\* \* \* \* \*

## WELCOME!

The Bryan Family is fortunate in having two fine visitors, the Reverend and Mrs. John S. Brownlee, of Brookville, Pa. Coming in the midst of Campus Clean-up, the Brownlees found us at our very worst as far as appearances are concerned. However, we hope that by now their first impressions of us have been supplemented by more favorable ones.

"We like the spirit of the students and faculty," say the Brownlees. "The spiritual side of the school here is even greater than we had anticipated, though we have known for some time about Bryan and its out-and-out stand for the Lord."

Rev. Brownlee's soul-stirring messages have been a real joy to us, and we are looking forward to more of them in the future. Mrs. Brownlee's motherly sweetness has completely captivated every heart at Bryan, and we do praise the Lord for the joy of their presence.

Rev. and Mrs. Brownlee came to Bryan for spiritual refreshment before going into the Lord's work again, after an enforced absence, due to Rev. Brownlee's illness. They say that this is being abundantly satisfied in the Christian fellowship at Bryan. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, we want you to know that the blessing has been mutual, and we are praising God for His goodness in sending you to us for a time.

--Betty

Dear Friends:

You have asked me to write a farewell message for the next edition of the "Cryer", and I consented readily--too readily, perhaps--for now I find it difficult to tell you what I feel, as I think of leaving you for the remainder of the school year. The decision to leave you all at this time--so near graduation--was not an easy one, for I am not one who likes to leave an unfinished task; yet there is the need at home and the privilege of caring for my precious mother at this eventide of her life. However, I am finding His Grace all-sufficient, and His faithfulness "new every morning and fresh every evening"!

These next weeks my thoughts will turn to you with each recurring day's activities. The ever familiar rising bell will probably not reach my ears--but when I do finally awaken, my first concern will be whether or not the last contingent from the Octagon reached the dining-room door before 6:55. I will see you together as you gather in Chapel. I will see you in groups here and there; in the dining-room, in the class rooms, in couples under the "tree", and best of all, I will see you as individuals--changing "as from character to character" as the Holy Spirit finds new entrance and liberty in you. I will think of you and your glorious possibilities--what a heritage is yours! So full of life and vigor; hope, too, abounding and courage--with ability to do. Yet with all of these may I urge that your life daily find its center in Jesus Christ. I know of no better motto than that of Paul's--"Christ in you the hope of glory"--and may you ever strive to make His Name great.

So as I precede you by a few short weeks before the door closes upon another school year at Bryan, it is Au revoir--not goodbye

Alma Rader

Dear Miss Rader,

One of the most priceless qualities of a Christian is the art of being intimate with Jesus. The Christian who is intimate with Lord Jesus Christ is so completely overshadowed by His love that one is left with the sense of having been in the very presence of the Lord. The consciousness of another human being is completely effaced, and one is left only with the memory of the exquisite fragrance of a life in constant contact with the Lily of the Valley, the Fairest of Ten Thousand, the Altogether Lovely One.

Miss Rader, we thank God for having four one of these rare Christians in you. We wish you God's richest blessings and our prayers will follow you daily.



# WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE FRESHMAN PAPER?

# EXCITING NEW GRIPPERS COLUMN

Mrs. Hartman: I enjoyed it very much. Hurry up with the next issue.

Joyce: Say kids, it's cute!

Eileen: I can't sleep for wondering how the mystery will turn out.

Mrs. Fish: I think it's worthwhile but---

R. Harper: Why didn't you print it on yellow paper, since it's put out by the yellow freshmen (Ed. note-Oh, you nasty man)

Calvin: I liked it all but one sentence-- "hulking mass of inert matter." (Ed. note-- a thousand pardons)

Peggy: You'd think all I did was sleep and eat. It wasn't the food I liked about the banquet. (Ed. note; We wish to make a correction. Peggy did not like the food at the W.J.B. Banquet.)

Berty: I think we are wonderful! (Ed. Note-- Me too)

Pres. Rudd: I have a complaint to make. It wasn't long enough (Ed. note--Bless his heart)

Mrs. Rudd: I thought it was quite spicy.

Clyde B: It was worth a quarter (Ed. note-- Thank you. We'll investigate)

Gwen: It stinks! (Ed. note; We just consider the source)

--Martha

\* \* \* \* \*

## MUSH AND SLUSH

By Ima Snooper

Ernie: "---then he pronounced us man and wife. Joe said (I object'. I started to say 'we object' but I talk so much for us anyway that I didn't" (Ed. note--the above was overheard, and perhaps you can figure out which it was she was objecting to--the ceremony, or Joe's objection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why don't you ask Miss Fay what piece played at the recent concert made her giggle. If she won't tell you, just ask Aunt Nellie.

\* \* \* \* \*

What is it that Dot Upton likes better than an ice cream cone? Why a Cookie, of course!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

The infernal triangle--Dot, Rosemary, and Moe. Who will get Moe, and who will get less.

\* \* \* \* \*

Could it be that Cleo is preparing for the day when she won't have to do her own laundry. (Ed. note--see commercial in other column.)

Not a gripe in a calroal! What do you think about that, not one single thing around here to cause a complaint. It really did surprise us when we found that we wouldn't have to run an extra page to cover the "gripes" after all. The offer still holds good--just drop any gripe you hear or feel into the envelope provided for that purpose.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MOE'S CAR TROUBLE ENDED (?)

We'd like to introduce you to "Wanda", Moe's little love buggy. She is called Wanda for several reasons. We Wanda what made him buy such a car in the first place, then we Wanda what makes her run. Everytime we ride in her, we Wanda if we are going to come out alive. She likes to Wanda all over the country and--Aw, you go on from here, ah's tard.

We dedicate this little poem to Moe and Wanda:

--POME--

A nut at the wheel,  
A peach by his side,  
A curve in the road--  
Fruit Salad!

The name of the winner will be announced at a public ceremony where the winner will receive a worthwhile reward.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, well, do tell! First it was red roses and now he wants her picture. Isn't it just too sweet for words? No more unattached Seniors. (Ed. note--Young man, are you trifling with my roommate's affections?)

\* \* \* \* \*

~~~~~

Roses are Red;  
Violets are Blue,  
NOTHING LOOKS BETTER  
Than a CLEAN SHIRT on you.

\* \* \*

Get those

DIRTY SHIRTS  
to  
J. S. QUIMBY  
NOW!

He gets them

for only PURE WHITE  
10¢  
WASHED with RINSO

STARCHED with FAUTLESS  
IRONED BY J. S. QUIMBY  
to

SUIT YOU-----PERSONALLY

~~~~~



## THE STACK-ROOM MYSTERY (Conclusion)

You remember that I went back to the stack room, and there in a pool of blood----- sat Berty Henderson. Strewn about her were the bodies of limp, gray mice, their sightless eyes staring up at me in a gruesome way. In her blood-stained hand she held a quivering little mouse, his eyes looking up at her with such pleading that I wondered how she could resist the little dear. In her other hand she held a pair of eyebrow tweezers. Fiendishly, gleefully, she forced open the tiny mouth and pulled out a tooth. Then, with indescribable cruelty, she took the tweezers and gouged out each eyeball. Now and then she emitted a hoarse cackle, and muttered, "Now eat my roommate's candy, now scare me out of bed. Revenge!" With another weird laugh, she cast aside the lifeless form and took another hapless victim. Her wild, glassy stare and disheveled hair presented a terrifying appearance. I turned away, broken-hearted. Oh, Berty,-- and you were such a sweet girl.

Thus we leave poor, demented Berty, happily pursuing her gruesome pastime. Perhaps gentle care and love may some day bring her back to normal again. (We will leave that to Joe)

\* \* \* \* \*

## COLLEGE FAREWELL

Nellie was the prettiest girl on the campus. It was no wonder that Zeke was attracted to her. Her sparkling eyes and long, golden tresses set off her clear, smooth complexion perfectly. Day after day, Zeke waited eagerly in the hall for his dream-girl. Shyly he ambled along beside her, his eyes glancing furtively at the sweet profile beside him. Gradually he conquered his bashfulness enough to carry her books.

As the weeks and months slipped by, their friendship ripened into--well, it ripened. Zeke fondly hoped that in a few years she might even let him hold her hand. It was a wild dream, but a man can dream, can't he? He was deliriously happy, when, after only five months, she allowed him to call her by her first name. And then the blow came! He found the letter in his mail-box, and read it with sinking heart. Galloping down the hall, he called, "Nellie, oh, Nellie." His voice echoed and re-echoed down the corridor, like a combination buzz saw and train whistle. His voice wavered, and he was close to tears as he broke the terrible news to her.--- And just when he was getting along so well and could call her Nellie!!!

Read the thrilling conclusion to this fascinating tale in the next issue.

## WHAT IF----- "Moe"

Dottie were really a Borrh instead of the charmer she is.

Flossie were a gorilla instead of a Monck.

Al really had the Maginot Line instead of the worn-out line he uses.

Betty were a cedar instead of a Birch.

Cleo and Anita were sodas instead of Grahams.

Summer were a "Geezle" instead of a Wemp

Manford were a crutch instead of a Cain.

Bob were St. Paul instead of St. John.

Ruth were unmerciful instead of Clement.

Ernie were getting worse instead of Healan.

Gwen were straw instead of Hay.

Anna were gettin' ring instead of Kettenring.

Sam were hamburger instead of Hemberger.

(Ed. note. He's too pertty to eat anyway)

\* \* \* \* \*

## HAVE YOU HEARD????!! --"Doc"

As the band was playing "Begin the Beguine" I was chasing Nellie around the Mezzanine. \* \* \*

At the Wedding:

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow"  
Voice of groom's father in a loud whisper--"There goes his bicycle." \* \* \*

At Church--Nervous Usher

"Mardon me padam, you are occupewing the wrong pie, Let me sew you to a sheet. \* \* \*

In the last and much remarked at set of photos, the Fuehrer looked stuffed, which would save some museum the trouble. \* \* \*

When a debtor in China doesn't settle his debts, they remove his door. Thus he is left with nothing to shut on the collector's foot. \* \* \*

## MOST POPULAR BOY ON THE CAMPUS!!!!

The girls flock around him. They give him their money. They can hardly wait to see him after dinner. I have even seen them wait in line to get some attention from him. "He" is none other than your friend and mine, Samuel Hemberger, the up-and-coming young bookstore manager. We know that you will all agree with us that the results of this authentic survey is a true indication of the preference of Bryan co-eds. We might have known that thw worthy Sophs, with their superior intellect, would have recognized this fact long before us ignorant Freshmen. \* \* \* \* \*

Of all the things you wear, your expression is most important.



LONG, LONG AGO  
(Recollections of Childhood)

Mr. Hoyt:

One sunny day, I went off with the family to go swimming. I was wearing a new pair of sandals which Papa had bought me. They were mostly holes and soles, but I was proud of them. When I got home I found I had forgotten my sandals, which caused me to weep. The next day I went back to get them and found my brother and friends swimming. We got hungry and went into a nearby cornfield and got some corn. We had dried bread and burnt roastneers.  
(Ed. note--We're still wondering if he found his sandals. Maybe you can find out--we couldn't)

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Hoyt:

A group of us were swimming in the creek. I had my 22 rifle shooting birds. We talked about what we would do if someone stole our tomatoes, and I bragged that I would shoot him. We saw a man filling his shirt with tomatoes, and I couldn't back down. I trotted over in my dripping red bathing suit with my 22 under my arm. I said in a trembling voice, "Anyone picking tomatoes on our property takes half and leaves us half." He answered, "The world owes me a living." My retort was, "Well I'm not the world" and began fumbling with the 22. He laid the tomatoes down and left in a hurry. I called after him and told him that any time he was hungry, to come to the house and I would give him any food he needed.  
(Ed. note--Imagine-gunning for men at that early age. Also Mrs. Hoyt, does the last sentence still hold good?)

\* \* \* \*

Miss Fay:

At the age of two, looking up from her book which is almost as large as she, says to her mother, "Muvver, when I dits big big, tin I teach histwee in a dreat big stool?"  
(Ed. note-- Oh, Mother, if only I could have been there!)

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Rudd:

Little Lucille was an extravagant little miss who was very fond of silks and satins. She caused her mother great embarrassment in church one day as she found her rubbing the satin of a strange lady's dress.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Coutts:

Mrs. Coutts was a gay little girl with long dark curls which were painstakingly combed around her mother's fingers each day. Her very earliest memory was skipping down the walk from one blue block of cement to another with the long black curls blowing in the wind singing, "I'm three years old today, I'm three years old today".

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Hartman:

It seems that Mrs. Hartman had a bad habit of straying from the porch. (Maybe that's why they don't have a porch now). She was very fond of playing with boys. One day she was all dressed in a beautiful ruffled dress ready to go visiting, and passed the time until mother was ready, swinging on the garden gate. She caught one of the pretty ruffles and to her amazement she lost all of them.

(Ed. note-- We suppose the moral of this little story is that you shouldn't play with little boys.)

\* \* \* \*

She was a poor little city child who always wanted "to go to grass", but since she could not she and her brother spent their time climbing roofs. The roof of a neighboring building was about ten feet higher than theirs. One day when they had climbed this roof, the brother thought he would have a little fun and leave her there for a few minutes. After several hours he suddenly remembered his little sister alone on the roof and unable to get down by herself. He found her screaming terrible threats and crying bitterly. He was very confused and apologetic so she forgave him. (Mrs. Pettit, if you haven't already guessed.)

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fish:

When Mary Lois was two years old, she was taught to play "peep-eye". On one occasion a visiting evangelist was the guest for dinner. After dinner, the family and evangelist went to the living room for prayer. All heads were bowed and faces covered with their hands. The little girl, wanting to enter into the game, went to each person saying, "peep-eye, peep-eye".

\* \* \* \*

-- "Jenny"